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## MUTATIONS.

BY REV. F. T. POMEROY.

Decay and change, change and decay.  
A ceaseless round, an endless chain;  
So youth and beauty fade away,  
And new life fills the gap again.  
The horoscope of human life  
Need not be read from distant spheres,  
Earth with her prophecies is ripe,  
Which thrill with hopes or chill with fears.

The opening bud, the sudden blight;  
The bloom of health, the disease of pain;  
The giant wrong, the fearless right;  
The crush of loss, the pride of gain;  
Roses and thorns; the bloom, the sting,  
Are woven by the hands of fate  
For brow of serf, for brow of king,  
For men of high and low estate.

Amid life's pain and paradox,  
Where strength upbids and strength de-  
stroys,  
How can man bear these sudden shocks?  
Where can the mind find equipoise?  
How can the captive soul withstand  
The waste of earthliness and sin?  
How lush its tumults, and command  
Peace and serenity within?

The knowledge of celestial birth,  
The thought of immortality,  
May fill the soul, "mid din of earth,  
With heaven's sweet tranquillity.  
For, "things unknown to feeble sense,  
Unseen by mortal's glimmering ray,  
With strong commanding evidence  
Their heavenly origin display."

The years may come, the years may go,  
The seasons roll their course sublime;  
The fretful stream of life may flow  
Along its narrow bed of time;  
Look up, my soul, and gaze afar;  
Behold, for thee a triumph waits!  
Change and decay thy servants are,  
To lead thee to the pearly gates.

## CHRISTIANITY MADE CERTAIN.

BY REV. LUTHER LEE, D. D.

No other subject so absolutely  
needs to be made certain as religion,  
because no other subject is so impor-  
tant. It should be the subject of our  
deepest solicitude, because a mistake  
here might be an irreparable one.  
Certainty is the first demand in reli-  
gion, and any religion which does not  
certify itself in the heart, when it is  
truly embraced, cannot be of God,  
and cannot be true, because it is de-  
stitute of the first absolutely necessary  
element. This test will overthrow  
all forms of paganism and all forms  
and degrees of infidelity, for they  
pretend to nothing certain. Infideli-  
ties claim to know nothing certainly,  
with the one exception that Chris-  
tianity is not true—a thing that can-  
not be made certain. Religion, to  
be certain, must present its own sure  
mode of testing itself. From among  
many, two tests may be selected  
which give a test by which Chris-  
tianity may be made certain:—

"If any man will do his will, he  
shall know of the doctrine, whether  
it be of God, or whether I speak  
of myself" (John 7: 17). The doc-  
trine of this text is, that doing the  
will of God, as it is taught in the  
Gospel, will bring a knowledge of the  
truth of the Gospel.

"He that believeth on the Son of  
God hath the witness in himself"  
(1 John 5: 10). A witness sup-  
poses there is something to be proved.  
The thing to be proved in this case is  
the truth of the record God has given  
of His Son. "And this is the record,  
that God has given to us eternal  
life, and this life is in His Son."  
This record being proved, the whole  
Gospel must be true; therefore every  
believer has the witness in himself  
that the Gospel is true. This witness  
is the sum total of Christian expe-  
rience, the whole of which is in har-  
mony with the teaching of the Gos-  
pel.

1. There is felt a conviction of  
sin, a sense of guilt and condemnation  
before God. All feel this in a  
greater or less degree. 2. There is  
a felt sense of pardon, and a removal  
of guilt and condemnation. 3. A  
felt peace of mind and heart—peace  
with God. 4. A joy that was never  
felt before—a joy which rises from  
a sense of the divine presence and  
favor. 5. A hope never before real-  
ized—a hope which reaches beyond  
the grave and anchors in the land  
of immortality. 6. A felt and known  
change of heart, which changes the  
direction of the desires and aspira-  
tions, and the whole moral tone of the  
life. 7. This whole experience is  
crowned with the witness of God's  
Spirit, bearing witness with the be-  
liever's spirit that he is a child of  
God.

This testimony is rendered certain  
by the fact that it is all a matter of  
consciousness. This witness within

testifies in consciousness. Conscience  
is a knowledge of what passes in  
the mind, or the knowledge which  
the mind has of its own states and  
operations. When a person thinks,  
he knows that he thinks, and knows  
what he thinks. When a person  
feels, he knows that he feels, and  
knows what he feels. And when a  
person wills, he knows that he wills,  
and knows what he wills. This tes-  
timony is absolutely certain; it can-  
not be disproved. No witness can  
get behind it to contradict it. To  
contradict this witness in any man is  
to tell him he does not think, feel,  
and will what he knows he does  
think, feel, and will. It is to tell  
him he is not sorrowful, and that he  
knows he is sorrowful, and that he  
is not joyful when he knows he is  
joyful.

The argument not only places  
Christianity beyond the possibility of  
a doubt in the mind of a believer,  
but it exposes the blindness and per-  
verseness of infidelity.

There is a rational and logical evi-  
dence by which Christianity is  
proved true. Acting upon this, and  
making an honest effort to make it  
the rule of life, a witness will be  
developed within which must end all  
debate. The infidel rejects all the  
rational and logical evidence, and re-  
fuses to test it by experiment. He  
also rejects all the testimony of ex-  
perimental Christians; on the testi-  
mony of any two of them he would  
condemn his fellow-man to the prison  
or the gallows.

## THE POSTMAN'S WATCH-NIGHT.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

Cold, cold, bitter, piercing cold;  
Cold when the morning sunlight came  
rosily forth over the snow; cold when  
his noontide radiance failed to moisten  
the glittering crust on the rock-like  
gutters; colder still when the same  
sun, wearied with his short winter's  
day, went down for the last time in  
1881, and the icy wind, taking ad-  
vantage of his absence, whistled  
around the corners and sang a hoarse  
requiem to the dying year.

All day long he had breathed the  
cold—brave John Duryea, known  
only to the postal department as No.  
138; through open street doors  
catching glimpses of warm breakfast-  
rooms and inhaling whiffs of fragrant  
Mocha; jostled by thriving business  
men or fur-clad women and children;  
dodging the prancing sleigh horses;  
dashing into corridors and up stair-  
ways; ringing door-bells with numb  
fingers, and fumbling in bags or un-  
locking pillar-post boxes with hands  
that almost refused to do their work.  
Only once had he been under a roof  
since he had set out, before daylight,  
on his long round, and that was  
while he swallowed his ten-cent din-  
ner in the only place open to such as  
he—a liquor-saloon. John never  
drank, but where could he find  
warmth and cheap food together save  
in a so-called "restaurant," whose  
80 per cent. profits came from the  
sale of whiskey?

Dinner over, John once more  
plunged into the cold—a mes-  
senger of fate to many a dwelling.  
Sometimes he bore good tidings, some-  
times desolation, often the compli-  
ments of the season, frequently its  
choicest gifts. The far-away friends  
of the city people, when they sent  
their bulky New Year's gifts by mail  
rather than express, never thought how  
John Duryea's arms and back would  
ache before they reached their destina-  
tion. If such a suggestion had  
come to them, was he not the people's  
servant, and are not the people's ser-  
vants in this free land of ours? John's  
overcoat was none of the warmest; it  
must be uniform, of course. The  
postal regulations made it incumbent  
on him to purchase and pay for, out of  
his small salary, two uniform suits a  
year; and as these suits could only be  
procured from firms which held gov-  
ernment contracts, he was completely  
at their mercy, getting the poorest  
materials at the highest price. As a  
consequence, No. 138 had contracted  
a heavy cold during the November  
storms, and had, in fact, been com-  
pelled to stay at home and let his old  
mother nurse him so many days that  
the loss of wages thereby incurred  
had curtailed many of the poor little  
comforts with which he sought to sol-

ace her declining years. He was bet-  
ter now, but to-day the keen air  
seemed to pierce through the shoddy  
cloth, finding its way to the tender  
lungs, and at times almost stopping  
his breath with a sense of suffoca-  
tion; while towards the close of the  
long day, in spite of the relief af-  
forded by several "lifts," in street-  
cars, his wearied feet almost refused  
longer to carry him about with his  
heavy bag.

Just after dusk the postman was de-  
tained longer than usual at a house  
where some one was hunting for pen  
and ink wherewith to sign the receipt  
for a registered letter. A glowing  
stove stood in the hall close to the  
door, and a thoughtful child following  
the servant who opened it, asked him  
to step in and warm himself.

"No, thank you," said John, "I  
never come near a fire, because I am  
sure to take cold when I go out  
again."

"Are you so very cold?" said the  
child.

"Very," said he, and shivered as  
he spoke.  
But then the servant shut the door  
to keep the cold out of the house, and  
No. 138 waited outside; and as he  
waited, he thought. Even postmen  
think; how else could they endure  
the long hours as they travel their  
weary rounds? His thoughts ran in  
this wise: Why need his life be one  
of such hardship? He was honest,  
sober and industrious; his profession  
was not only an honorable one, but  
also one of great importance to the  
public weal; in fact, but for his and  
the other branches of the postal ser-  
vice, the whole machinery of govern-  
ment and the constitution of society  
would fall to pieces. Why should  
all that be paid as well as other men  
of his age and capacity, whose lives  
did not entail nearly so much respon-  
sibility and exposure? Why was  
not he entitled to a comfortable home,  
with a sweet-faced wife and a fair-  
haired little daughter, such as the  
child who had just asked him to step  
inside? The government is not bank-  
rupt; the mineral and agricultural re-  
sources of the country are the wonder  
of the world; it invites the starving  
of all nations to come to its hospitable  
shores and be fed; but its own citi-  
zens, sons and servants, must be sat-  
isfied with a bare subsistence. Hon-  
est John couldn't understand it. He  
was not learned in political econ-  
omy; he did not know that its secret  
is to get the most for the least; that  
public money is raised first of all to  
line the pockets of high officials, and  
that the less of it that finds its way into  
the hands of its servants, the thicker  
will be this lining. Moreover, he  
cherished the antiquated fallacy that  
"the laborer is worthy of his hire."

"Mother," said John Duryea,  
pushing back his scarcely-tasted sup-  
per at about ten o'clock that New  
Year's eve, "I must go and take  
Jeannie to watch-meeting. I've  
promised her so long, and the poor  
child has so few pleasures."  
"But, John, you're perfectly tired  
out, and your cough is just like your  
poor father's. It's fearfully cold;  
you're just killing yourself."  
"Oh, never mind! It's only a little  
way, and there's only one delivery to-  
morrow. I can sleep all the rest of  
the day if I like. Poor Jeannie! "  
and his mother echoed the sigh, add-  
ing mentally, "If I were only out  
of the way!"

Jeannie Hill was a good, patient  
little Methodist girl, industrious,  
cheery and pretty withal, though the  
first bloom of her girlhood was  
silently fading away. We shall  
not dwell upon her delight at seeing  
John Duryea, whom she seldom saw  
except on Sundays, but leave this  
reader to paint his own picture from  
the fact that the lovers—for such  
they were—had grown up together  
in a New England village, had both  
come to the city to seek "a living,"  
and had now been formally "en-  
gaged" for ten long years of waiting  
for John to save enough from that  
\$400 salary of his to enable them to  
commence life together with any rea-  
sonable prospect of happiness.

It did not take Jeannie long to in-  
vest herself in such wraps as she pos-  
sessed, and somehow the postman did  
not find it half so cold as he trudged  
the streets with his warm little com-  
forter safely tucked under his arm.

Yet his conversation as they walked  
to church was far from cheering. He  
told his companion that he had deter-  
mined to release her from her en-  
gagement; they were both growing  
old, and he was rapidly losing his  
health, which was his only capital.  
He saw no prospect of ever earning  
more money than his present salary,  
and, strive as he could, he could save  
nothing out of \$400 a year, after  
providing the simplest subsistence for  
his mother and himself.

Jeannie listened in silence and with  
a sinking heart, but no trace of de-  
spondency appeared in the determined  
tone with which she replied:—

"You won't get rid of me so easily.  
My promise was forever; was not  
yours?" And then in lower, sweeter  
accents she said: "'Commit thy way unto the Lord,' John, and  
'He shall bring it to pass;'" and with  
this the couple entered the warm,  
lighted church lecture-room.

Many people had gathered to see  
the old year out with prayer, and to  
welcome the new one in with solemn  
consecration and glad thanksgiving.  
Brief, pointed addresses, impressive tes-  
timonies and earnest prayers had been  
uttered, and hymn after hymn had  
been sung, but all was silence now.  
The clock indicated ten minutes to  
twelve, and each worshiper desired to  
spend these closing moments as near  
as might be face to face with the In-  
finite.

Jeannie Hill was lost to outward  
things in the intense earnestness with  
which she committed her (and  
John's) way unto the Lord, and the  
important prayer with which she  
besought God to open some avenue of  
hope to save John's life, and to incline  
the hearts of legislators and "all  
that are in authority" to see justice  
done to the hard-working public ser-  
vants. As for John, completely over-  
come by the fatigue and exposures  
of the day, and the contrasting heavy,  
heated air of the vestry, he had fallen  
fast asleep.

And as he slept he dreamed—  
dreamed that it was New Year's day,  
1882; that in his cosy, bright little  
home, at the head of his well-spread  
table, presided his matronly Jeannie,  
looking fresher and less careworn  
than she had done ten years ago. On  
one side sat the placid mother, serene  
in the ripened beauty of old age, and  
on the other a thoughtful-faced little  
maiden who reminded him of a terri-  
bly cold New Year's eve long ago.  
The little maiden was gravely exam-  
ining a pile of New Year's gifts,  
trifles in themselves, but rich with the  
fragrance of love and good-will. Her  
father drew from a pile of letters a  
crisp, new bill, not of very great val-  
ue, but sweet as a token of apprecia-  
tion of his services by a family to  
which he had been the bearer of many  
missives throughout the year.

"A postman's life is not so hard  
a one, after all, Jeannie," said he, as  
he buttoned his warm overcoat, pre-  
paratory to making his one holiday  
delivery, "since the hours and the  
'beats' have been so greatly short-  
ened, and since the salaries are enough  
to admit of a man's supporting his  
family in a comfortable and frugal  
manner. There are so many cheap  
temperance restaurants now, where  
one can step in and get warm while  
drinking a cup of good hot coffee, that  
with a bright, happy home to look  
forward to at night, the day's work  
isn't bad at all. Being constantly in  
the open air keeps one's constitution  
in fine condition, and it's a grand  
thing to be serving one's country  
while earning one's daily bread. I  
can never be sufficiently thankful for  
the persistency with which Senator  
H— forced his much-ridiculed post-  
man's reform bill through Congress."

"Nor I," said Jeannie softly,  
for the faithfulness with which God  
heard and answered my watch-night  
prayer. Praise the Lord!"

She said the last words aloud, so  
loud that they seemed to be repeated  
by a hundred echoes, and John Dur-  
yea awoke from his nap to find it was  
midnight, and all the people were  
shaking hands, saying, "Happy New  
Year," and singing, "Praise God  
from whom all blessings flow."

For all good and beneficent reforms  
we must ever give the glory to Him  
in whose hands, according to the old  
liturgy, are "the morals, wills and  
affections of sinful men," and who  
presides in the councils of statesmen

as surely as in the services of the  
church. But He works usually by  
the hands and brains of willing hu-  
man agents, and our Christian citizens  
may do much to further His ends.  
Will they help to put a new song of  
thanksgiving into the mouths of John  
Duryea and his kind before 1882?

## THE ORTHODOX IN SKEPTICISM.

BY S. M. PALMER.

I have been thinking for some time  
that the amount of real Christian be-  
lief and faith in the minds of skeptics  
is very considerable. Some recent  
developments have considerably con-  
firmed me in this belief. When you  
press a negationist—they do not like  
to be called so at all—the wall, or fairly  
corner him, you may be often greatly  
surprised to find how much of the real  
juice of belief you can squeeze out of  
him. Well, this is comforting, and en-  
couraging, and hopeful for the world.  
The heaven will work, and work, and  
good will come of it.

The free-thinker insists that we are  
to interpret Scripture according to,  
or by the light of, human reason,  
and that reason is given us by which  
to judge all things. Especially does  
he thus measure and judge of an  
overruling Providence. The world  
was fairly set in motion, but now  
runs itself pretty much. This is about  
the way some banks and business  
houses have been run of late, and the  
inevitable explosion has not been long  
delayed. How ridiculous to conceive of  
the world as being ruled generally and  
not particularly! Was any business ever  
successfully conducted on this plan?  
And yet I know (and who does not?)  
successful business men, attending,  
of course, most closely to all the  
minute of their affairs, who advocate  
strenuously this theory as to the  
government of the universe. "O  
consistency, thou art a jewel!" They  
believe in a great Somewhat, and a  
great Somehow, and a great  
Somewhere, but they are very  
chary of a definite, orthodox belief.  
They are too reverent (?) to say  
much about a personal God, or a  
Heavenly Father, or a loving Sav-  
ior. Is not the North American  
Indian's "Great Spirit" far prefer-  
able to the modern generalities often  
applied to the Deity?

Let us industriously train our  
children and Sunday-school scholars  
to a definite, outspoken belief in God  
the Father, in the blessed Holy  
Ghost, and in God the Son, our  
adorable Lord Jesus Christ. Away  
with these Carlylean generalities!  
How cold, and distant, and comfort-  
less are they, compared with the lov-  
ing, fatherly, brotherly terms in-  
spired by the Holy Spirit of inspira-  
tion! Let me whisper in the ear of  
the doubter, Cherish the real belief  
that is in you. Is not the simple,  
credulous, and unlettered believer  
far more fortunate than the edu-  
cated, scientific and philosophic  
negationist and doubter? How afraid  
the rationalist is of feeling, emotion,  
and spiritual consciousness! One  
may be as materially conscious as he  
pleases, but the operations of the  
divine Spirit are so far above reason  
that they are denied—largely, at  
least.

O Christian believer, believe,  
trust, hope more and more! Let  
these gusts and squalls of unbelief  
only make you more vigilant to have  
a genuine Christian experience.  
Milford, Pa.

## LETTER FROM BERMUDA.

MR. EDITOR: One word of personal  
salutation. In May last we met in  
that ideal of an editor's retreat at  
Newton, Mass., where busy brains  
may hold converse with the nightin-  
gales. I am reminded of its enchant-  
ments at this moment by almost kin-  
dred surroundings. In September we  
often hailed each other on the threshold  
of that marvelous Ecumenical Coun-  
cil at City Road. By the way, what  
are your impressions of it, looking  
back three months? The present writ-  
er has an abounding recollection  
principally of the seemingly limitless  
wealth of intellectual forces which ex-  
isted there; and he imagines the same  
perpetuity of eloquence, reasoning,

persuasive appeal or remonstrance,  
with prevailing and enrapturing  
prayer and music, forever resounding  
within the walls of Methodism. There  
can be no doubt that the Council could  
have continued to pour out upon the  
public—the wondering, admiring,  
carping public—a stream of sancti-  
fied thought, fresh, manly, independ-  
ent, and equal to the best of these  
times so rich in eloquence and au-  
thorship, for any reasonable length of  
time. Yet there were but four hun-  
dred of John Wesley's family! What  
a grand contribution of heaven has  
this Church given to the general  
lump! And now I hail you and your  
readers from these sunny islands.

## GEOGRAPHICALLY.

The Bermudas are situated on this  
wise: If your readers will draw a  
horseshoe, inside of which they may  
mark a cluster of coral islands—the  
horseshoe to be considered as the  
Gulf Stream, the islands as the Ber-  
mudas—and if they will draw a line  
directly north, piercing the centre of  
the horseshoe, it would, at 750 miles,  
touch Halifax. Another line, going  
west, at right angles with the one  
described, running seven hundred  
miles, piercing the horseshoe about  
the second nail, would touch New  
York. From Halifax a monthly  
steamer, from New York a fortnightly,  
and during the spring a weekly  
steamer, keep up the only communi-  
cation we have with the outside  
world. This is the real sanitarium of  
North America. By a run of three  
days you reach perpetual summer.

## THE CLIMATE.

As you would infer from the situation,  
it is almost tropical. Nearly every va-  
riety of southern plant might be cul-  
tivated; indeed, a considerable number  
have been brought in thus and are  
flourishing. Palms of different spe-  
cies are growing among the cedars—the  
prevailing wood of the islands. As  
to flowers, from the sprawling cactus  
to the versatile geranium, with all  
manner of climbing plants and blos-  
soms, they require no care, but flour-  
ish everywhere. The thermometer  
at this season is about 70 degrees  
Fahrenheit, and seldom varies more  
than three degrees in either direction.  
Our moonlight nights are equal to the  
most mellow and balmy in the whole  
world. Venice cannot compare with  
them. Doors and windows are open  
both day and night; only green lat-  
tices between us and the pure, free  
air. No coal fires, no gas, no clouds  
of smoke; hence a sweet atmosphere  
and a bleaching dew and sunshine  
which leave a marvelous whiteness  
upon all things that pass through the  
hands of the washerwoman. True,  
there are drawbacks—isolation;  
dampness, owing to the houses being  
built of limestone, which absorbs the  
moisture; a dear market, and a few  
mosquitoes. But, take it all in all, it  
is a most enjoyable land.

## THE POPULATION.

About 14,000, with 2,500 naval  
and military, is nearly two-thirds col-  
ored. It is divided in the proportions of  
9,000 Episcopalian, 1,600 Methodist,  
650 Presbyterian, 950 British Meth-  
odist Episcopal, and 230 Roman  
Catholic. The "B. M. E.'s" are  
colored, recently organized under that  
name, having been originally chiefly  
Wesleyans.

The products of the islands are  
chiefly tomatoes, potatoes, garden  
vegetables, onions, arrowroot, bana-  
nas, etc. This is the planting season,  
and in March and April you will hear  
from us should the harvest be satis-  
factory.

## METHODISM

has four ministers on the islands. In  
this town, the capital and the centre  
of legislative, military and naval au-  
thority, we are just about to open a  
church 100 feet by 45. The furniture,  
seatings, organ, etc., imported ready-  
made from New York, are really su-  
perior. We have a fine body of of-  
ficials, intelligent and active—a de-  
lightful field for any minister whose  
heart is in his work. The principal  
portion of the Methodists proper are  
whites, many of whom are in pros-  
perous circumstances; while those of  
the colored people who worship with  
us, are among the most industrious  
and well-to-do on the islands.

A. W. N.

Hamilton, Bermuda, Dec. 7.

## VERMONT.

At South Royalton, Bro. A. H. Webb hap-  
pized one person three weeks ago, and received  
three on probation. There is a decidedly im-  
proved condition of things on the charge.

At South Tunbridge new windows and paint  
on the outside have made the church look  
fresh and inviting; and a new carpet and pul-  
pit set (the gift of Brother Cowdry) make  
the inside much more comfortable. Brother  
W. B. Howard is quietly attending to the du-  
ties of his office, and now plans to have a new  
parsonage barn in the spring. Under his ju-  
dicious management all bills are paid as they  
go.

The friends of Brother W. J. Johnson, of  
Waterbury, headed by the venerable Gov.  
Dillingham, made them a visit a few nights  
ago at the parsonage, and made them richer  
by this assured good-will as well as by the  
gifts left, amounting to over \$200, mostly  
cash. The church at Waterbury has been re-  
shingled and painted on the outside, and ex-  
tensive repairs on the inside are in contempla-  
tion in the spring. Brother Johnson finds  
himself in the midst of pleasant associations  
and a devoted people.

There are some tokens of the divine Pres-  
ence at Bradford. Some are inquiring the  
way to the kingdom. Brother T. P. Frost  
preached the missionary sermon last Sunday,  
and took a collection greatly in advance of  
former years. Brother Frost lectured in the  
church at Barton Landing a week ago, on the  
"Infant of the Revolution," referring to  
Vermont as the first State admitted to the  
Union. An exchange says, "The whole  
lecture was replete with instruction, and was  
interesting and eloquent."

Brother E. Folsom, of East Burke, at-  
tempted to preach last Sunday while feeling  
very unwell. He was not able to go through  
with the service, but the brethren con-  
cluded it as a social meeting. We hope Brother F.  
is not to be seriously ill.

Extra meetings are in progress at Chelsea.  
Brother H. Webster is assisted by Bro. G. L.  
Wells of Williamstown, E. N. Culver of  
West Fairlee, and others.

At Highgate a good interest prevails, Broth-  
er T. Trevillian, pastor. Three young men  
were forward for prayers on a recent Sunday  
evening; and there were 113 in the Sunday-  
school the same day. At the last quarterly  
meeting four persons were baptized and re-  
ceived on probation. Some needed repairs  
have been made on parsonage property.

Generous donations were recently made to  
Bro. J. McDonald at Danville, and Bro. L.  
E. Rockwell at Waterford Centre.

Bro. W. D. Malcolm, presiding elder,  
preached a sermon of great power at Cove-  
ntry, at the last quarterly meeting. The love-  
feast, held Sunday evening, was especially  
precious. There is to be a Christmas festival,  
and at the new year Bro. W. A. Evans, the  
pastor, is planning for extra meetings.

Brother J. S. Quimby, of Thetford, is as-  
sisting Bro. W. M. Gillis, at Wardsboro'. The  
meetings are well attended, and a constantly  
growing interest is manifest.

At East Dover Bro. J. E. Knapp has kept  
up meetings nightly for several weeks, with  
gracious results.

An oyster supper for the benefit of Bro. D.  
P. Briggs, of Grand Isle, netted a handsome  
amount.

The last quarterly meeting at Wilmington  
was an occasion of special interest. Four  
children, including the pastor's infant son,  
were baptized; Bro. J. Hamilton baptized ten  
adults; and twenty-three were received on  
probation and two by letter. These new ac-  
cessions to the church are persons of much  
promise of usefulness in the future. Others  
are yet to follow.

Our church at Franklin has been thor-  
oughly repaired, under the judicious direction  
of Bro. E. Morgan, who was chairman of the  
committee on repairs. No repairs had been  
made on the house since it was built, fifteen  
years ago, during the pastorate of Bro. H. N.  
Munger, now of the Troy Conference. It has  
been so completely made over inside and out-  
side that it is practically a new church, and is  
one of the neatest and most commodious on  
the district. Instead of sending abroad for  
some "star" preacher, the brethren preferred  
to have their own pastor re-open the house;  
hence, three weeks ago Sunday, Bro. E. Mor-  
gan preached an appropriate sermon in the  
morning, and Bro. C. P. Watson, pastor of the  
Congregational Church, whose house they  
had occupied during repairs, by the court-  
eous invitation of the society, in the evening.  
It was a "high day" for Franklin Metho-  
dism.

The Brattleboro' Methodist ladies held their  
annual festival last week.

At the union Christian conference held at  
Sheldon two or three weeks ago, to which we  
have already referred, the following resolu-  
tion was offered by Bro. I. McAnn of St. Al-  
bans, and adopted:—

Whereas, we thankfully acknowledge the  
success which has crowned the present union  
meetings, and believe that such gatherings  
are well adapted to afford much spiritual in-  
struction and strength to the churches of this  
region. We therefore deem it desirable that  
a county organization should be formed, and  
that a committee be accordingly appointed to  
arrange for another meeting, draw up a con-  
stitution, nominate officers, and report to the  
next gathering.

R. Morgan, D. H. Bicknell, — Cleaveland,  
A. B. Swift, and S. Hopkins were appointed  
a committee to carry out the sentiment of the  
resolution.

Joseph C. Enright, esq., son of Bro. J.  
Enright of Albany, and brother of Bro. A.  
B. Enright of South Londonderry, was last  
week admitted as an attorney in the Windsor  
county court at Woodstock.

Brother J. D. Beaman and wife, of Scan-  
ton, were made the subject of a grand sur-  
prise on the occasion of the fifteenth anniv-  
ary of their marriage. Between two and  
three hundred of their friends from Fairfax,  
St. Albans and Scanlon, without reference to  
church relations, gathered at the spacious  
house of George Barney, esq., and then a  
message was sent to Bro. Beaman, and then  
friends wished to see him. He was taken  
both "by surprise and by storm." A de-  
lightful evening was spent. Among the  
present were \$175 in gold. Bro. Beaman  
of the Congregational Church made the  
presentation speech, to which Bro. Beaman  
appropriately replied, referring to the regret  
with which he will leave Scanlon next Con-  
ference. H. A. S.



## Miscellaneous.

## THE DAYS OF OLD.

BY REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A. M.

On my study table lies a rare and curious book. It is a bound volume of Conference Minutes, "From 1773 to 1813 inclusive." It bears this imprint: "Published by Daniel Hitt and Thos. Ware for the Methodist Connection in the United States. John C. Totten, printer, 1813."

This book contains the Minutes of the first Conference held in America. The first Minutes—those of 1773—only occupy two pages. The heading is as follows: "Minutes of Some Conversations between the Preachers in connection with the Reverend Mr. John Wesley. Philadelphia: June, 1773."

In these first Minutes we find the following item of interest:—

"The following rules were agreed to by all the preachers present: Every preacher who acts in connection with Mr. Wesley and the brethren who labor in America, is strictly to avoid administering the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper. All the people among whom we labor are to be earnestly exhorted to attend the church, and to receive the ordinances there; but in a particular manner to press the people in Maryland and Virginia to the observance of this minute."

It is evident they desired to stick to the church."

The same Minutes contain a love-feast rule worthy of note:—

"No person or persons to be admitted into our love-feasts oftener than twice or thrice unless they become members; and none to be admitted to the society meetings more than twice."

The Minutes for this year report 1,160 members and ten preachers. The Minutes for 1774 are the same in size as those of 1773, but report 2,073 members and seventeen preachers. Methodism from its very beginning has been a vigorous plant.

Francis Asbury was stationed in New York, and Thomas Rankin in Philadelphia, and they were to change "in three months." And all the preachers were "to change at the end of six months." This was itinerancy with a vengeance. We will make one more extract from the Minutes of 1774:—

"This Conference agreed to the following particulars: Every preacher who is received into full connection, is to have the use and property of his horse, which any of the circuits may furnish him with. Every preacher is to be allowed 8 pounds Pennsylvania currency per quarter, and his traveling charges besides."

In the Minutes for 1775 occurs the following highly interesting entry: "A general fast ordered for the prosperity of the work, and for the peace of America, on Tuesday, the 18th of July."

In the Minutes for 1777, there is a very evident reference to the revolutionary troubles:—

"*Quest. 7.*—As the present distress is such, are the preachers resolved to take no step to detach themselves from the work of God for the ensuing year?"

"*Ans.*—We propose, by the grace of God, not to take any step that may separate us from the brethren, or from the blessed work in which we are engaged."

"*Ans.*—Employ them no more."

The next year, 1785, there were three Conferences held:—the first at Green Hill, North Carolina, Friday, the 20th, and Saturday, the 30th, of April; the second in Virginia at Conference chapel, May 8th; the third in Baltimore, Maryland, the 15th of June. Hence we now have for a heading: "Minutes taken at the several Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the year 1785."

At the beginning of the Minutes for this year (1785) is the memorable letter of Mr. Wesley, dated Bristol, Sept. 10, 1784, concluding with these words:—

"As our American brethren are now totally disengaged both from the State and from the English hierarchy, we dare not entangle them again either with the one or the other. They are now at full liberty simply to follow the Scriptures and the primitive church. And we judge it best that they should stand fast in that liberty wherewith God has so strangely made them free."

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In this year the church began to lower the flag a little on the slavery question. "It is recommended," says the Conference, "to all our brethren to suspend the execution of the minute on slavery till the deliberations of a future Conference; and that an equal space of time be allowed all our members for consideration, when the minute shall be put in force. N. B.—We do hold in the deepest abhorrence the practice of slavery, and shall not cease to seek its destruction by all wise and prudent means."

In the Minutes for 1786 are some interesting financial questions:—

"*Quest. 16.*—Ought not this Conference to require those traveling preachers who hold slaves, to give promises to set them free?"

"*Ans.*—Yes."

"*Quest. 17.*—Does this Conference acknowledge that slavery is contrary to the laws of God, man and nature, and hurtful to society, contrary to the dictates of conscience and pure religion, and doing that which we would not others should do to us and ours? Do we pass our disapprobation on all our friends who keep slaves and advise their freedom?"

"*Ans.*—Yes."

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"*Quest. 10.*—What shall be done with our local preachers who hold slaves contrary to the laws which authorize their freedom in any of the United States?"

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"*Quest. 15.*—What was contributed towards the preachers' fund for the superannuated preachers, and the widows and orphans of preachers?"

"*Ans.*—81, 58, 4d."

"*Quest. 16.*—What demands are upon it?"

"*Ans.*—14 l for the funeral expenses of Jeremiah Lambert."

"*Quest. 17.*—What was collected and expended on missionaries this year?"

"*Ans.*—84 l, 17s."

In the Minutes for 1787 is the following curious question:—

"*Quest. 18.*—Are not many of our preachers and people dissatisfied with the salaries allowed our married preachers who have children?"

"*Ans.*—They are; therefore, for the future, no married preacher shall demand more than 48 P. C."

But we might as well stop here as anywhere. There is a wondrous fascination about these old Minutes. It seems hard to realize that these long dry lists of names represent names of fire and feeling, who lived and loved, and went home to glory. We inherit their labors. May we prove worthy of such a "goodly heritage," do our work well, and meet the "fathers" in the great home above!

THE BANNER MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

BY BISHOP WARREN.

Where is it? Let us take up the banner, and, passing along the line, see who claims it. We first set it down in the New England, the richest State, per capita, in the Union. It compels Pennsylvania to freight its coal and iron to it, and receive them back as manufactured articles, paying transportation over a thousand miles, and four or five profits. Can this rich State hold the banner? Let us hope not. Its Methodists give but 35 cents per member to this cause. Pass on to New York. This is the great money centre of the continent, and will soon be of the world. London must yield its palm to New York. Here the regular price of tickets to a concert the other day was \$10. Here are the headquarters of the Church, the great secretaries, and the men who handle the missionary money. New York Conference gives 72 cents and New York East 76 cents per member. Those concert tickets cost too much. Let the banner pass on.

Here is Philadelphia, the home of Dr. Durbill, the greatest manufacturing city in the country, turning out \$115,000,000 worth of goods last year, and with one locomotive shop that can turn out more of these draft-horses of civilization than any other three shops in the world. Besides, this Conference has for a long time waved this banner in the face of Methodism. It is now giving 98 cents per member. We will not give it to any Conference for less than one dollar. Let the banner pass on. Baltimore, historic and prophetic, the Baltimore of the organization of Methodism, and soon to celebrate its centennial, gives 70 cents. Pittsburg is giving but 30 cents, Cincinnati but 37 cents, Rock River 48 cents, and St. Louis but 19 cents. No, the banner cannot abide in any of our great metropolitan Conferences. The price of concert tickets and lots is too high.

Taking the banner, I come into the extreme southern part of Texas. I find a Conference of foreigners, but lately emigrants, coming here with little beside their lands. They must pay for their farms, houses, stock, tools, and clothing for their little ones. Money commands very high interest. But they were met by the Gospel and organized into a Conference nine years ago. They have not had the profits of commerce, of manufactures, of speculation, only the slow and small returns from the culture of the soil. There are but 1,251 members, yet they raise \$1.16 per member missionary money. I here float the banner in the Southern German Conference. Come and take it who can.

How do they do it? I hardly know, except the preachers mean business. They go to each member and solicit "something for the good cause." A brother reporting his work, says, "We have had times; not more than half a cotton crop, hardly any corn. Our people have to pay \$1.40 for corn now, and they could not get 25 cents for it last year; but we have doubled the collections." No wonder the brethren break out and sing:—

"*Preis Gott, der allen Segen giebt!*"

One brother had but fifty members, and he brought \$152—over three dollars apiece, and he said he did not think they had three dollars apiece left. This was surpassed by one who brought \$10.66 per member. He had \$16. His number of members is calculable. Despite poor crops and hard times the Conference made an increase in its missionary money this year of \$256, making a total of \$1,711.80, or \$1.35 per member this year. This is a Mission Conference with only one self-supporting station in it, and that paying only \$563 per year to its three pastors.

This German emigration is an exceedingly interesting element in our national problem. More of it



The Sunday School.

FIRST QUARTER, LESSON II.

Sunday, January 8, Mark 1: 1-25.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

JESUS IN GALILEE.

I. Preliminary.

1. PLACE: A. D. 28 (See Chronology below).

2. DATE: Capernaum, on the northwest shore of the Sea of Galilee, and its vicinity.

3. CONNECTION: 1, the miracle at Cana; 2, the first passage at Jerusalem; 3, the cleansing of the Temple; 4, the conversation with Nicodemus; 5, the Judean ministry; 6, retirement from Judea on account of the hostility of the Pharisees; 7, conversation with the woman of Samaria; 8, the healing of the nobleman's son; 9, imprisonment of John the Baptist; 10, the second passover at Jerusalem; 11, cure of the impotent man at Bethesda; 12, return to Galilee, and rejection at Nazareth; 13, selection of Capernaum by our Lord as His home.

4. PARALLEL NARRATIVES: The ministry in Galilee, Matt. 4: 17; Luke 4: 14, 15; John 4: 46-54. The call of the disciples, Matt. 4: 18-22; Luke 5: 1-11. The healing of the demoniac, Luke 4: 31-37.

5. CHRONOLOGY: Both the order of events, the dates and the length of our Lord's ministry, are in dispute. The most satisfactory harmonist, as it appears to us, is Andrews ("Life of our Lord") whose dates are as follows: He accepts a three years' ministry, but puts the whole of the Galilean ministry after the second passover (John 5: 1). Says Schaff: "The order is much simplified by this theory."

6. avoids the great difficulty which has been felt in extending the Synoptic accounts over three years, and also the difficulty common to both the other theories (a two years' ministry and Robinson's harmony), namely, inserting so important a visit to Jerusalem as that recorded in John 5, at a point in the Synoptic narratives where there is nothing to indicate such a visit.

II. Introductory.

The voice of the herald preacher had been still. The wilderness and the fords of the Jordan were no longer thronged with eager penitents from village and city. John was shut up in Machabers. But the word of the Lord was not bound. The "kingdom of God" was preached by the King himself, who in the guise of a humble peasant walked through the populous towns of Galilee calling upon the people to repent and believe. And He did not walk alone. At His call Peter and Andrew forthwith left their nets and fish—their earthly all—on the shore of the Galilean lake, to join Him as personal attendants and disciples; and James and John showed the same unhesitating promptness when He summoned them, also, to become "fishers of men," from the boat where, with their father and servants, they were mending their nets, which had been broken by an unexpected and miraculous catch of fish resulting from Jesus' command. Our Lord had already taken up His residence at Capernaum, and to this busy town, not far away, He now went, with the four. Peter had a home here, and Jesus was probably his guest. On the next day, the Sabbath, they went to the synagogue, where Jesus, using the privilege accorded to visitors at the close of the prayers and lessons, proclaimed the Gospel of the kingdom of God—a theme entirely new, in strange contrast with the usual rabbinical teaching, and unfilled with a freshness, power of statement, and tone of personal authority which astonished, while it impressed, His hearers. Nor was it His teaching alone which astonished them. An incident occurred that day of a most startling kind and which the worshippers would not soon forget. A wretched demoniac, in a lucid moment, had followed the crowd into the synagogue. The unclean spirit which possessed and ruled him had left his victim undisturbed until Jesus began to speak; but he could not long endure the pure doctrine and presence of the Teacher. Suddenly the demon within him awoke and a fearful, discerning the true personality of Jesus, and raging at the discovery, while at the same time he was irresistibly compelled to confess it, shrieked through the organs of the unhappy man a cry of dismay and desperation. So completely did he control the man that it seemed to the spectators that it was the victim himself, who with wild gestures and glaring eyes demanded, "What have we to do with Thee, Thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us? I know Thee who thou art, the Holy One of God." But it was the demon and not the man whom Jesus sternly rebuked, with the command to be silent and to "come out of him;" and it was the invisible malignant demon in his final act of rage and hate which convulsed the poor wretch, and then with a yell of horror and anguish came out of him. No wonder that the synagogue became a scene of confusion; that the excited people broke forth into questions and comments; that the power of One who compelled fallen spirits to obey His word should startle and amaze them; and that the report of this strange occurrence should be carried through all Galilee.

III. Expository and Practical.

Verse 14. After that John was put in prison (R. V., "after that John was delivered up").—See chap. 6: 17. Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Peraea and Galilee, had listened to the preaching of John and had yielded in a measure to his influence. But he had been guilty of a crime—of taking to himself Herodias, the wife of his brother Philip (still living) and the faithful preacher had reproved him to his face: "It is not lawful for thee to have her." The enraged Herodias sought to kill him, but could not. John was, however, arrested by Herod, and confined in the fortress of Machabers, on the east side of the Dead Sea. Gekkie thinks that political reasons may have had weight in this confinement of John—his popularity and terrible denunciations of the Pharisees and rulers leading the latter to appeal to Pilate, and Pilate to appeal to Herod, to "crash the unfeeling teacher."

Jesus came into Galilee.—Our Lord's Judean ministry had excited the anger and threats of the Pharisees (John 7: 1). Galilee was an open and opportune field, a large mass of its population having been deeply impressed by the Baptist's preaching. His voice was now silenced. The herald had done his work. It was fitting that, the way having been prepared, Jesus should Himself appear and preach, *Preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God* (R. V., "the gospel of God").—The substance of His preaching and the conditions imposed are told in the next verse.

Note that "God buries His workers"—suffers human malice to bury them in prisons sometimes—"but carries on His work." The "voice in the wilderness" was still; but a mightier Voice was heard in the villages. Says Henry: "If some be laid out, others shall be raised up, perhaps mightier than they, to carry on the same work."

Verse 15. The time is fulfilled—the time of preparation, training, etc., for the world and for the Jewish race. The hour of the world's redemption had struck. Daniel's "seventy weeks" were fulfilled. The prophecies and providences of four thousand years converged in this long-expected "fulness of time." The kingdom of God is at hand (Matthew and Luke, "kingdom of heaven")—the reign of Christ, the reign of righteousness, joy and peace in the highest. God had spoken by the prophets; He now spoke by His Son. The old dispensation, with its local temple, rites and types, was to pass away. Its meaning was to be fulfilled in the spiritual temple, the church of the Living God. Repent ye.—Be sorry for, and forsake, sin. This was the first condition, and had already been insisted upon by the Baptist. Believe the gospel (R. V., "believe in the gospel")—a second condition, not mentioned by the Baptist. Have faith in the glad tidings that the long-expected kingdom has really come. With contrite hearts "enter into" its privileges and be enrolled in its membership. "Believe in Me," came later.

Note, that Christ is to be our personal King, and His righteous, peaceful rule is to be set up in our hearts. "The kingdom of God is within you."—The "prince of this world" must be cast out, the dominion of self and sin be broken, and the door be opened to the Kingdom of Glory. To this end repentance and faith are indispensable.

Verse 16. As He walked—R. V., "passing along by." The sea of Galilee—the inland lake, sometimes called "Gennesaret," sometimes "Tiberias," through which the Jordan flows, enclosed by hills, and about twelve miles long by six broad. In our Lord's time its shores were lined with a teeming and busy population. It is 633 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and is especially noted for its violent storms, abundant fish, and the clearness of its waters. Simon (Simeon)—son of Jonas and brother of Andrew; first brought to Jesus by his brother Andrew (John 1: 40-42), and named "Cephas," or "stone," the Aramaic for the Greek Petros (Peter) the name formally given to him by our Lord after his wonderful confession "in the coasts of Cesarea Philippi," and by which he is commonly known. He had been previously called to the discipleship; this second call withdrew him from worldly work and brought him into training for the apostleship. Andrew—brother of Peter, a disciple of the Baptist, and afterwards of Jesus, and enrolled among the twelve. The name Andrew is Greek, and means "manly." The former home of the brothers was at Bethsaida; it was now at Capernaum, where Peter, who was married, kept house. Casting a net into (R. V., "in")—boat-fishing with a hand-net apparently. Fishers—a humble employment, but not more so than many others, and "not implying special poverty or ignorance." To be a successful fisherman on the turbulent Sea of Galilee required alertness, endurance and skill. To know when to throw the net, to pass whole nights in fruitless toil, to buffet the storms which swept the lake with fury and without warning—these in themselves constituted a training of high value for these fishermen called to be "fishers of men."

Note, that no humbleness of station or activity is a bar to high usefulness. God uses the weak of this world to confound the mighty; and He selects the busy man, not the idler, to carry His messages and do His work.

Verse 17. Jesus said unto them.—A full account is given in Luke (5: 1-11). The wonderful draught of fishes just after they had fished in vain—a draught too large for the nets and even for the boats, preceded this call. The miracle was significant. Says Jacobus: "He who could make them from fishermen to become fishers of men, could make them catch men in their new work as easily and abundantly as now He could make them catch fish." Come ye after Me—a call to personal attendance, and preparatory to a later call to the apostleship. They had been previously accepted as disciples, but had not been severed from their secular calling. Even this calling they pursued occasionally when near their homes. Fishers of men.—In the Gospel net they were to catch men as with the hand, or rather, they had caught fish "take them alive," as the word significantly means, this answering the star of Julian the Apostate who said: "The Galilean did indeed most aptly term His apostles 'fishers,' for as the fisherman draws out his victims from the waters, where they were free and happy, into an element in which they cannot breathe, so did they who made men Christians." But Trench shows conclusively that the word is selected by our Lord to exclude this idea. It means to "take alive" as prisoners of war. Says Farrar: "Those who had been 'taken alive' in the deadly snare of the devil (2 Tim. 2: 26) should henceforth be gathered in the net of life."

To be successful "fishers of men," we must 1, know the lake; and, 2, how to allure; 3, have patience to wait; 4, be ready to hazard life; 5, must cast out the net in confidence; 6, expect a draught.—Christ's call is, 1, to full communion with Him; 2, it demands perfect renunciation for His sake; 3, it announces a new sphere of activity under Him; 4, it promises rich rewards from Him (Biblical Museum).

Verse 18. Straightway.—at once; a favorite word with Mark. He uses it nine times in this first chapter and forty-one times in his Gospel. Followed Him (R. V., "left the nets")—left them and the wonderful catch of fish; abandoned their employment and their gains instantly without giving heed to a suggestion of delay. They did not ask to be allowed, first, to bury a father or bid farewell to his in the house (Luke 9: 57-62). Followed Him—both literally and spiritually. We can do the latter—drink in His words, endure crosses, conform to His example, etc.

The forsaking consists not in the more or less that is forsaken, but in the spirit in which it is left. These apostles might have left little when they left their possessions, but they left much when they left their desires (Trench).—The quality in obedience which our Lord especially commends is promptness.

Verse 19. James (Greek for Hebrew "Jacob")—son of Zebedee and Salome, known as "the Greater" or "Elder" to distinguish him from another James (the Less) who was a kinsman of our Lord and wrote the Epistle of James. James is always mentioned in connection with his brother John, and was the first martyr among the Twelve, being beheaded by order of King Herod Agrippa, A. D.

44 (Acts 12: 2). Zebedee—not mentioned among the disciples; supposed to have been a man of wealth and position; his wife Salome, a sister of Mary the mother of Jesus (John 19: 25) and a disciple. John (brother of the Lord)—the beloved disciple, apostle, and evangelist; the writer of the Gospel and epistles which bear his name, and also of Revelation; after the destruction of Jerusalem, the superintendent of the churches of Asia Minor from Ephesus the new centre; banished to Patmos, A. D. 95, and died shortly after. Ship (R. V., boat). Mending the nets—broken by the extraordinary catch of fish.

Verse 20. Left their father—not to work alone, for he had hired servants; "a proof that Zebedee did not follow his craft in a petty way, and that he was probably not without means" (Meyer).

The lesson, more plainly taught elsewhere: Resonance every human tie, if necessary, to follow Christ. The brothers remained brethren in the Lord, and these four companions in fishing were joined most closely as "fishers of men" (Schaff).

Verse 21. Went into (R. V., "go into"). Capernaum—site uncertain; somewhere on the northwest shore of the Sea of Galilee; a populous town in our Lord's day. His home for a season, and the scene of several of His miracles. On the Sabbath day.—A fuller sketch than usual is given of this day's proceedings. Not only was the demoniac healed in the synagogue, but, immediately after, Peter's wife's mother, who lay sick with fever at Peter's house, and, after sunset, all the sick of the town that came to His door and a great many who were possessed with devils. Synagogue—an institution of the Captivity, where the Jews were deprived of their temple, and transferred to their own land again as a convenient place for worship, the reading of the law, etc.; but no sacrifices were offered in them. Every principal town had its synagogue, sometimes more than one; and in Jerusalem, it is said, "there were no less than 400, or even 450" (Winer). 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## ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1881.

This number of our paper closes its issues for the present year. Before another is in the hands of our readers, the record of the year 1881 will be sealed, and a new era commenced. It seems but a hand's-breadth since we entered upon the now closing twelve months; but how many events have been crowded into it! How many who commenced the year full of hope have passed behind the veil, and their lives here are rapidly becoming fading memories! Where are the persons themselves to-day, and how are they engaged? Who can tell? How thoughtfully the year with many of us was commenced! How have its vows and serious resolutions been kept? What, on the whole, is the moral record of the page bearing our names that is now about to be closed in the book of life? No reflecting mind can watch the departing hours of a year without deep emotion. Its opportunities cannot be recalled, its mistakes cannot be remedied, its influences for evil upon society cannot be obliterated. For better or for worse its history is recorded as it has been related to our lives. There is a proper attitude for every one of us. It is the position of the publican, and his prayer may well become us, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" And let sincere thanks be offered to God that it is written, "If any man sin we have an Advocate with the Father."

If the old year closes with thoughtful reflections, certainly the new year should not be permitted to open upon us without due consideration. Who can prophesy what the year may bring forth? How many possibilities of disappointment and sorrow lie along our pathway! The opening hours have a marked influence over all that are to follow. A thoughtless commencement ordinarily insures a lost year. It is too broad a portion of human life to throw away, if we are spared to see the close of it. The path is too darkly shadowed for a finite mind to attempt to hurry through its mysteries unattended. We need a divine Eye and a heavenly Hand. To walk with God a year is to insure the safest, happiest, and most useful period of our lives. He is not unwilling to be invited into our business, our homes, and our hearts. If God be for us, who can be against us? Let not this rare hour for personal consecration be lost. When our Lord entered upon a fresh year in His work, He retired to the desert place or mountain to pray. Let us ere we enter upon the new year find some retired spot, where the world will be effectually shut out, and wrestle in humble prayer until the voice comes from heaven, "My Presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

The opening of the new year offers a very favorable hour for special religious efforts for the revival of Christian faith and earnestness in the churches. The first week has now for a number of years been devoted, under the appointments of the Christian Alliance, to prayers for great public interests of a more or less religious character. Some have questioned the wisdom of diverting these days from their first intended object—united prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit upon the churches at home and in foreign lands. It is not necessary to follow rigidly any one programme, although there is a moral power in this ecumenical prayer the world over. The conditions of local churches should be considered. It may be the wisest course simply to devote the week to continued prayer for a reviving blessing from on high. A series of services, afternoon and evening, like the protracted meeting of forty years ago, would be a benediction to hundreds of our churches. Let the next year open with humiliation, consecration and the sanctification of the Spirit.

The next year has its stern political outlooks. In our own land there is an unusual promise of civil quiet, of good understanding between the different sections, and of some softening of party bitterness. The present awkward relation of some of our ministers with the South American governments, the lively fusillade of rhetoric in regard to the canal across the Isthmus, will soon be over and forgotten, with the shedding of nothing more serious than ink. But

upon the other side of the Atlantic the political clouds are denser. The troubles in Ireland are far from being composed. Much more severe measures must be taken to stamp out incipient rebellion, if peace and obedience to law are to be attained in this way. France has her serious legislative problems to solve, and much more serious religious questions at stake. Germany is restive in the personal rule of her great, but arbitrary, chief minister. Russia slumbers over a volcano. Turkey is always liable to disturb the peace of Europe. Italy has an irreconcilable ecclesiastical government in the heart of her capital plotting against her stability, and Spain has a powerful republican leaven within her borders spreading its constant anti-monarchical force through the different ranks of society. It requires but a careless hand to touch any of these sensitive points, and the most serious results may follow. History has been made very rapidly in the last quarter of a century, and the coming year may form a very important chapter in the records of the close of the nineteenth century.

### THE BITTERNESS OF OUR POLITICS.

There is an ominous pause at this hour in the political press. The President is not denounced for his acts, and what is more astonishing still, his appointments, with the exception of the weak disapproval of a few conspicuous sheets, are generally approved. This unwonted calm cannot remain long. Our politics, like the Atlantic Ocean, cannot be depended upon. An amazing change may occur in a very short period. The remarkable reticence of President Arthur is greatly in his favor. He seems to repose his plans in the hands of few, if any, confidants. He does not disclose his intentions long enough beforehand to give opportunity for the thunder to be awakened all around the heavens to hinder the consummation of his purposes. His nominations have commanded the respect of his fellow-citizens, and the wail of the disappointed has not created, as yet, sufficient clamor to cause a reaction in the public estimation of his ability and patriotic intentions.

But this will not long continue. Hundreds of offices are still to be filled, and of such a subordinate character that the President cannot be expected to have a personal acquaintance with the special fitness of the names that are presented to him, to make the nomination upon his own knowledge of the merits of candidates. There will be every human opportunity for mistakes. There will, also, soon be presented for his signature acts of legislation, upon the expediency of which there will be differences of opinion both in Congress and throughout the country. Both of these occasions will cause the party press to open upon him, and partisans bearing his own political designation will abuse him in unqualified terms for daring to think for himself. His motives will be impugned. The very worst possible construction will be placed upon his acts. If he appoints a personal friend to office, as President Grant was affirmed constantly to do, he will be derided as guilty of nepotism; if he rigidly abstains from such a course, as did President Hayes, he will be called cold and heartless. The reckless intimations of reporters and sordid lobbyists as to personal habits will be at once seized and accepted as truth, and affirmed from one end of the country to the other; they will also be caught up and emphasized too often by the religious press.

It is almost impossible for European readers, who do not understand this peculiarity of our American people, to form a correct judgment as to the personal character and intellectual ability of our public men. Certainly, electing them to high office does not change the moral nature or natural ability of a citizen. Men that have commanded the respect of the community, and in regard to whose character no word of reproach has been publicly offered heretofore, immediately upon being mentioned for office or placed in responsible stations, call down upon themselves the most violent denunciations for political or moral delinquencies.

It is largely the premature deaths of two of our Presidents that have embalmed their memories in the affections of the American people. If Mr. Lincoln had lived, in spite of his glorious war record, and his abiding patriotism and unfaltering faith, his wise statesmanship and unselfish administration of the government, he would have received the unmingled abuse of one wing of his own party, and the denunciations of the whole of the other. For his best fame and tender remembrance by his fellow-citizens he has to thank the assassin's bullet. The moment he died this unmeasured abuse ceased, and universal eulogy took its place. But death made him no more true, or noble, or worthy of the respect of his countrymen, and their unrestrained tears and unlimited praise were an

open rebuke to the violence with which not his acts only, but his motives, had been criticised.

It was a sad experiment for Gen. Grant, at the height of his popularity and in the hour when he held the universal regard of the nation, to accept the nomination to the presidency. His popularity with the soldiers and with the people could not save him. No man has been more bitterly abused. There has been no restraint upon the false reports that have been circulated in reference to his private life. His real ability, his executive force—although illustrated in his administration and vouched for by some of the finest and calmest minds of the day, who are drawn near to him in close political relations—availed nothing.

The political slogan was sounded, and every political horn in the land, belonging to the same corps, rang in harmony with its blasts. The obligation the country owed to him seemed entirely forgotten, and every expression of sensibility manifested towards him by those who had not utterly lost a sense of justice, was attributed, meanly, to a selfish readiness on his part to accept of undeserved favors.

As a general in the army, and as governor of Ohio, as a citizen of great probity and of more than respectable talents, Mr. Hayes entered upon the high office of the chief of his nation. But that station once reached, his popularity ended. His very virtues were construed into meanness and his self-restraint into insensibility.

The death of President Garfield has saved his name and fame to his country. Had he lived, and had the attempt upon his life never been made, Europe, instead of embalming his memory in her current literature, would only have read the sharp and bitter criticisms of his political enemies upon his appointments and executive acts, and never have received an adequate conception of his ability and virtue. Already the terrible note of distrust and denunciation had been sounded before the fatal blow struck him. He was becoming the tool of unworthy friends, it was loudly whispered; he was yielding to the clamor of the "machine"—what or whoever that is; he was trampling upon civil service; He had only to continue his presidency a few months longer to have awakened the harshest and most ungenerous criticism.

Of course this ought not to be. But what shall we do about it? It requires some nerve to stand up against the prevailing habit. It is the easiest possible way to earn a little attention and praise from weak minds to join in the unfounded but popular denunciation of conspicuous men. The more violent the language, the more virtuous the political prophet in the estimation of the thoughtless. The reputation of our rulers is worth much to all of us. We owe it to every man (especially to those who are placed where they cannot defend themselves) to watch carefully over his reputation and to defend his honest fame. Men must be permitted to fall into errors without being accused of committing the unpardonable sin. The religious press, at least, should lift up a plea for the golden rule, and, if nothing more, illustrate it in the conduct of its columns.

### FAITH-CURE.

"The prayer of faith shall save the sick," says St. James, and the history of the church from the apostolic day to this proves the saying true. In almost every Christian community there are instances, known to them who have spiritual insight, although ignored or explained away by others, where Christ has revealed to them who have eyes to see that He has healing power upon the body as well as upon the soul. Yet it is to be fully and clearly admitted that it is as impossible to prove scientifically that a given case of sickness has been healed by prayer, as to demonstrate that it has been cured by any particular medicine or course of medical treatment; for it is always possible for the objector to say that the patient would have recovered in the one case without the prayer, and in the other without medicine or medical treatment. We can have as much proof that prayer cures as that any given medicine cures, but we can have no more. And again, just as the cures effected by a whole school of medical practitioners are commonly accounted for by a rival school on the theory that the patient is really cured by his own imagination, or "will power," so, absurd as it sometimes is, the same theory will be used to explain cures by the prayer of faith.

But it is not God's will to heal all the sick, or even all the Christian sick, for, if it were, Christian men would never die. It is true that the time will come when men will die no more, but with death time itself will also cease. At present, not only

death, but sickness also, is good for us as a race. In this sinful condition, not only do we need the chastisement of sickness ourselves, the wisest and best of us—and even where not needed for our own moral growth it is needed to reveal the Christian virtues, such as faith and patience, to others—but, more deeply considered, the Christian's sufferings are, like those of his Master, although at an infinite distance, atoning sufferings for a sinful race. Like his Redeemer, he suffers for the good of the world. The gold of character is revealed to a doubting world in the furnace of affliction. How many a suffering soul has enriched a family, a community, and even a generation, with the priceless jewels of faith and hope and love! There are reminiscences of such golden souls in every Christian community. Christ could easily have delivered His apostles from the sword and the fires of persecuting Rome, but He did not. It was by their martyrdom that their faith and patience and love were revealed for the uplifting of the world. In this weakness of theirs God's almighty strength was revealed. Are there no heroes and martyrs in the church to-day? Fever, consumption, paralysis, may be for us what the sword, the flame, and the cross were to them. Shall the nineteenth-century Christian be above the apostles? Shall we not suffer to save men as well as our Master?

Yet, as "no affliction for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous," we naturally long to be freed from pain and weakness. The best and bravest men would rather glorify God by strength than weakness, by success than failure, by health and wealth and popularity rather than by sickness and poverty and persecution. And so the best of Christians, while they pray, "Not my will, but Thine, be done," yet pray for deliverance from pain of body and spirit, hoping that such deliverance is the Father's will. Yet since, notwithstanding this instinctive shrinking from pain of all kinds, it is so clearly for the sufferer's personal good, it must ever be left to infinite goodness and wisdom to decide whether in any given case a particular pain, weakness, or sickness should be relieved. Only the Mind that surveys all things; and comprehends the needs of all beings—their real as well as apparent needs—can make this decision.

But there are times when the Christian who lives near to God is intrusted with some of the secrets of His counsels and feels assured that it is God's will that he receive certain definite temporal blessings—relief from pain, deliverance from trouble, cure of sickness for himself or others. But this confident assurance, this unconditional faith in regard to temporal blessings, although it is the result and reward of loving submission to God's will, yet is only an occasional state of mind, not to be looked for, even by the most favored Christians, in all emergencies, but is a special bestowal of God's goodness and love. It is a "gift," as we think Dr. Steele has clearly shown, which God in wisdom bestows on whom He will. Many eminent Christians never have experiences of this kind, and it is also sometimes bestowed upon those whom we should not select as recipients of extraordinary manifestations of God's favor. But God seeth not as man seeth. Gifts of healing, like the gift of tongues, are wonderful, and their foretaste greatly desirable; but they are not the "best gifts" which we should most "earnestly covet." Love is the endowment that outshines all these gifts, for it furnishes the "more excellent way" by which gifts may be most blessed to the recipient and to all others. And love is not a special gift, but a universal blessing, and universal duty. Love, which takes the sting out of all pains, makes all burdens light, dispels all clouds, and draws us nearest to the divine and suffering Lord, who, though He healed the sicknesses of others and called the dead from their graves, yet was Himself "a man of sorrows," a sufferer of pain and death. Can we ask higher honor, higher joy, than to be as Christ, the Captain of our salvation? Yet, at a thought of His, infinite help would have come. Twelve legions of waiting angels gazed in amazement upon His sorrow. But love gave Christ a divine joy in pain. How easy, how joyous, to suffer for those we love!

It is for our soul's good, for our friends' good, for the world's good, that in this respect we follow our Master's steps. But, though we know so well that spiritual is above temporal good, that the soul is more than the body, and the interests of all more than the interests of one, yet, while in the agony of pain, deliverance ever seems a thing to be greatly desired, and our personal sorrow may for the moment outweigh the inter-

ests of a world. Yet reason shows us at once that if we are more anxious for the bodies of our sick friends than for their souls, more desirous to be relieved from the present pain than to receive for ourselves or our friends what God sees to be our highest good, we are not in a state to pray acceptably. How often after some great sorrow is past do we see that we were smitten in love! Then it became clear that God refused to grant our desire in wisdom and in goodness. Such experiences are common with those who are seeking the highest good for themselves and for those they love. How true we then find the apostolic words, "We know not what we should pray for as we ought!" But it is added, "The Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us" (through our prayers, when led by the Spirit) "with groanings that cannot be uttered."

Here now we have the true attitude of the soul in acceptable prayer. In the first place there is a humble confession of ignorance as to our real and deepest wants, and then a patient waiting to learn what they are from the Spirit that broods over every word in genuine prayer. "We know not how to pray as we ought" (Revised Version), confesses that we are always, even at our best, ignorant of both the proper matter and manner of prayer. At our best we are obviously too weak, too short-sighted, too selfish, to undertake the government of a world—certainly this is self-evident; and, since the interests of all men are interwoven with ours, to absolutely direct God's action in any matter is virtually to govern the world. But this ignorance, so far from crushing us into helpless despair, is the very spring of hope and strength. "We know not," but eternal Wisdom fully knows, and eternal Goodness, revealed at the wondrous cross, yearns to give us just what we need. Our conscious ignorance and selfishness drive us to eternal Wisdom and Love. Waiting before the cross, we feel that His wisdom is to be fully trusted as to what is best for us in the pressing emergency that is upon us, and so we wait in patient faith to see what desires He may suggest to us by the Spirit. Often the only prayer that the Spirit whispers is the prayer of our suffering Master, "Thy will be done." We may wait for hours, for days, for years, before the Throne, and murmur only this single prayer, not presuming to specify farther, humbly expecting more special suggestions of the Spirit. But, even when thus led through darkness, we may have the assurance that we are led wisely and lovingly, and in these few simple words may find peace, victory, and even triumph. Jesus prayed, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me;" and yet it was not possible, for He drank the cup to its utmost bitterness; and can we expect always to know what is best for us?

The use of natural means in connection with prayer is an important branch of this subject; but we have no space to consider it here.

### Editorial Items.

#### BRIEF MENTION.

—Wesleyan Club at the Rev. Ladies' Wednesday evening, Dec. 28. Ladies to be present. Tickets for gentlemen, \$2; for their ladies, \$1.50. There will be a full attendance and a rare occasion.

—A. Williams & Co. have for the holidays "The Christmas Tree"—a thin quarto, with eight full-page colored plates, and a number of excellent Christmas stories with illustrations. The book is quite an attractive one.

—On Monday morning the streets of Boston were like the Sabbath—the stores closed and business largely stopped. Never was Christmas so honored in the Puritan city as on Sunday and Monday last.

—The East Tennessee Wesleyan University at Athens, under President Spence, is enjoying much prosperity. Fifty new students were enrolled the present year. It is far the best patronized and most efficient institution in that portion of the State.

—Rev. Nathan Hubbard, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has a semi-occasional organ, called the *Itinerant*, which he edits and publishes with characteristic vigor. He has an opinion of his own and the "courage of it." But he is even a better pastor than editor.

—Rev. F. T. Pomeroy edits and publishes, for the benefit of his vigorous young church in West Fitchburg, a remarkably neat and well-filled sheet called *Church and Home*. It forms of itself a pretty Christmas gift, and will be a permanent memorial of the early history of the church.

—Farewell, 1881! All hail, 1882! But before the close of the former and the opening of the latter, some one may whisper farewell from earth to her! Should this be so, may heavenly voices shout to thee, All hail! and the commencement of a better and an endless era break upon thy wondering vision.

—We had a pleasant call from Rev. C. H. Buck, of the First M. E. Church, New Haven. He has been lecturing upon Egypt, at North Easton. His tour abroad some two years ago afforded him a good variety of interesting topics for lectures, which are well appreciated by his audiences.

—We are indebted, we suppose, to our old friend, Rev. E. S. Chase, formerly of the New England Conference, now of the Southern California, and stationed at Los Angeles, for a copy of the Minutes of the latter body. It was held last September under the presidency of Bishop Harris. It numbers thirty-seven ministers and three probationers.

—Rev. R. E. Bisbee, now the collecting agent in New England for the Freedman's Aid Society, issues an interesting little sheet, full of information and inspiration, entitled, *The Freedman's Aid Herald*. It is for gratuitous circulation, and is an excellent tract to distribute.

—Pilgrim Day moves West and South, with its children. It was celebrated with great fervor by the "Sons" in Brooklyn, New York city, and in Philadelphia, last week, as well as in Boston. It was evident that some of the speakers had "kissed the stone." President Arthur was present in New York city and made a very graceful short speech.

—The New York Wesleyan Club held its annual gathering last week under the presidency of Judge Reynolds. It was an enthusiastic meeting. Mr. Seney, whose gifts to the college already exceed \$500,000, was present and was very warmly received, as well he may be. The college has now a clear endowment fund of nearly \$800,000, and a scholarship fund of over \$100,000.

—We should blush to publish the letters received from all portions of the country, and from a great variety of social classes, in reference to the estimation in which Zion's HERALD is held. We feel the responsibility growing out of this appreciation. Thanks to the hundreds who have kindly taken pains to write their favorable criticisms! We cannot answer them, and are too modest to publish them. If industry and faithfulness are an adequate return, these shall not be lacking.

—Very interesting meetings have been held in Columbus and in Delaware, Ohio, in the interest of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. Mrs. R. B. Hayes, president of the society, presided, and earnest and able addresses were made by Mrs. Dr. R. S. Rust, Dr. H. B. Ridgway and members of the faculty of the Ohio Wesleyan University. It is expected that the society will hold a series of meetings at the East during the coming season.

—A very pleasant family event occurred, Dec. 14, in the personage, Lewiston, of our esteemed Maine correspondent, Rev. I. Luce. His only daughter, Miss Maggie, an accomplished young lady, was married by her father, assisted by Rev. D. B. Randall, to Mr. Frank H. Hazen, of Bridgton. Handsome presents and hearty good wishes from hundreds of friends showed the estimation in which the young couple are held. Their home will be Bridgton, Me. We wish them many happy and useful years.

—We make but few references to our plans for the coming year for Zion's HERALD. The paper has reached such a mature age—fifty-nine years—that its character and the purpose of its managers are well known. Everything that the skill and means commanded by its editor, agent and publishing association can do to make it, in every respect, worthy the wide, intelligent, Christian and Methodist patronage it enjoys, will be done. This we know our readers will readily believe without our enforcing it by many words.

—Just after the battle of Murrefreesborough was fought, Mr. T. Brigham Bishop, then an engineer on the staff, obtained with an ordinary field camera an excellent photograph of General Garfield in military dress. This picture he has preserved, and from it a fine life-size crayon likeness of the General has been worked by Samuel V. Stillings, of Boston. Unitedly Messrs. Bishop and Stillings have tendered the crayon to Mrs. Garfield, and on her behalf Colonel Rockwell has accepted it. It probably reached its destination at Christmas.

—The Christian Alliance for Bible Reading and Memorizing, recently organized by Rev. W. F. Crafts of Brooklyn, which is designed for readers in all parts of the country, differs from other Bible unions in presenting, as its plan of Bible reading, book-marks on which the Bible is arranged in the order of events; that is, each psalm, prophecy, etc., is introduced among the historical books at the point where it was said or sung; the whole being divided into portions requiring for reading only four minutes each day for two years to complete the course.

—David C. Cook, of Chicago, publishes in a neat and cheap form the starting revelations made by Mr. Elfr. Johnson, the well-known temperance lecturer, in his speeches, of the poisonous materials used in the manufacture of the wines and spirituous liquors of commerce. Mr. Johnson's statements, which are sufficiently terrible to startle the moderate as well as immoderate drinker, are amply vouched for. The little tract will be read with painful interest. It is entitled, "Drinks from Druggs." Ten cents a copy; five for forty cents.

—Rev. D. C. Babcock, of Philadelphia, one of the secretaries of the National Temperance Society and Publication House, is arranging for a temperance conference at Washington, D. C., under the auspices of the National Society. The meeting will be held in the First Congregational Church, Rev. Dr. Rankin's, commencing on Tuesday, January 24, 1882, at half-past seven p. m.; continue with services from nine a. m. to twelve m., and two to five p. m., Wednesday, and close Wednesday evening. Some of the best-known and most effective advocates of temperance will give addresses. Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and able papers will be read and considered at the morning and evening sessions of Wednesday.

—Christopher Crayon writes enthusiastically in the *Christian World* (English) about a train of Pullman cars which has just been put on the railroad between London and Brighton. It also has a refreshment car, like our Pacific trains. Europe accepts slowly the inventions of Brother Jonathan—but she accepts them. It was a striking feature in the city sights of Rome and Naples to see street railway cars like those in our own large towns. They have been introduced within a few years, but they will soon be found everywhere.

—The publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have for the last four or five years issued a fine, life-sized lithographic portrait of the leading English poets. Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes and Bryant have already been prepared. This year they publish a remarkable picture of the poet-philosopher, Emerson. It is not the Emerson of to-day, but the straight form, the strong and tender face, the unfocused eyes, the powerful nose, the unfocused head of twenty-five years ago. The likeness is a fine one. The picture is sold to subscribers of the *Monthly* for \$1, and to others for \$3. It is in some respects the best portrait of the poet.

—The Congregational Publishing House, Boston, issues what it calls a "Pocket Series" of Notes on the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1882, by Rev. R. R. Meredith. The work is published in four quarterly parts. The first is now ready for delivery. It is similar to his comments on the lessons for last year, which were quite well received. The lessons are thoroughly analyzed. The notes are short, clear and satisfactory. The volume is very convenient as to size. Mr. Meredith has also prepared a question book for senior scholars which meets a want, and will be welcomed by Bible classes.

—We pass the accompanying autograph and characteristic letter, just received, to the Historical Society. It is written in a strong but trembling hand. The paper is honored by the renewal of his subscription on the part of this venerable father in the Gospel:—

—*Jackmanville, Ill., Dec. 16, 1881.*  
I, Peter Akers, of the above place, send to Alonzo S. Weed in 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, a registered letter, \$1.50, with my subscription for Zion's HERALD for the year A. D. 1882.—I being a superannuated minister of the Illinois Conference of the M. E. Church.  
PETER AKERS.

—The Commissioner of Education at Washington, Hon. John Eaton, issues a very valuable and suggestive report, giving a full and authoritative statement of the condition of education in France. As this subject is now one of the most interesting problems before the French Chambers, this volume of the actual state of public education in the Republic will be read with interest.

—We print the following letter as one of many which we are now receiving. We have, heretofore, had sums of money placed in our hands enabling us to send the paper to such deserving applicants. We should be glad to have such a donation this year. We will furnish the paper at cost:—

—DEAR BROTHER: I drop you a few lines to say I would be glad to have the HERALD continued if I could send you one year. I am an old man, nearly ninety years old, and over seventy-five years a member in the Methodist Church. A few months ago, I was called upon to give up one of my best gifts my Heavenly Father bestowed upon me. My companion and I commenced life together with prayer over sixty years ago, and we ended with prayer. It was his will to part, but I see it all right. Praise the Lord visitors, and if you will let me see you weekly time the Master permits me to live, you will recollect what Jesus said, "You have the poor, and also, it is more blessed to give than to receive." I am now living in Massachusetts, having moved here for the benefit of the poor. Dear brother, pray for the aged! It is sometimes hard work to live when we cannot help ourselves.

—"Your brother in the furnace."  
—The death of the venerable and well-known Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, is announced. The report of his serious sickness had somewhat prepared his friends for the result that soon followed. No Orthodox Congregational clergyman has filled a larger course of life in estimation for many years. An original and vigorous thinker, with pronounced views, an able and forcible preacher, an impressive teacher of sacred theology, his death creates a vacancy that is painfully felt. He has been faithful in his generation, and his memory and influence will long linger behind.

—The *Missionary Review* for January and February, edited and published by Rev. R. G. Wilder, Princeton, N. J., comes with a rich table of contents. It discusses at length the cruelties of heathenism, reviews the course of the Scotch church with the African colony at Blantyre, presents a well-considered view of the foreign missionary work of the Presbyterian Church, and has a large amount of valuable and interesting miscellany. It is an outspoken, able and very instructive missionary publication. Indeed, in its special field it has no competitor; and no intelligent friend of missions can do without it.

—Dr. Hunt, secretary of the American Bible Society, made us a short call. We had an opportunity to talk over freely the late criticisms, all originating from the same source in Connecticut, upon the reports of the Society. There is a remarkable history connected with the movement, which places the attitude of both parties in a very different light. The noble Bible Society, with its trustees chosen from the best business men of New York, has nothing to conceal, and readily opens its transactions to the honest inspection of the public. There is a remarkable history connected with the movement, which places the attitude of both parties in a very different light. The noble Bible Society, with its trustees chosen from the best business men of New York, has nothing to conceal, and readily opens its transactions to the honest inspection of the public. There is a remarkable history connected with the movement, which places the attitude of both parties in a very different light.

—Intelligence at last comes from Siberia, through Russia, of the exploring steamer, "Jeannette." The stout little vessel has been crushed, and was abandoned. The brave crew had to make their way in their boats across three hundred miles of broken ice and sea, during a period of three months of indescribable suffering. Two boat-loads have reached the land, and vigorous measures have been taken to search after the remainder which had been separated from them. There will now be a new and even more thrilling volume of Arctic adventures when Captain De Long recovers from his terrible fatigue and reaches his native land again. It is difficult to discover the great advantage to human science which offers adequate compensation for such perils.

—Last March, at an enthusiastic public meeting, an effort was originated to raise \$75,000 as a printing fund for the blind. The expense of printing in embossed letters is large, and the cost of the blind is therefore very limited. The plan was a noble one, and met with a warm endorsement from leading philanthropists and the public press. The fund still lacks \$31,000, and its completion is greatly desired at an early date. No call can be more urgent or pathetic. Any donation sent to the superintendent of Perkins Institution, South Boston, M. Amagess, will be gratefully received, and any information desired in reference to the fund or the work already accomplished in the publication of volumes in raised letters, and to be executed, will be given.

—Mr. Thomas Pray, of the Boston Journal of Commerce, whose feat of short-hand has excited much remark, says of Rev. F. G. Morris, who has often assisted him in his work, that in reporting Hon. Benjamin H. Brewster, now Attorney General of the United States, that a lawyer engaged upon a case in Philadelphia, he was obliged to record more than 200 words a minute for ten rapid work, says Mr. Morris has also done for him in his office for from twenty to forty minutes without cessation. He adds that Mr. Morris "is to-day one of the best reporters in the country in technical matter."

—For a few weeks back our columns have been so crowded that the obituary notices have not been sent to us. We are now up to date. We have not been permitted to be sent before this limited number has been printed, they have not reached the office, or have in some way slipped aside. No obituary intentionally falls of insertion in its order. Sometimes, as it occurred last week, a ministerial brother opens upon us one of his bitter vitals because one has been omitted, or his humiliation, and hearty repentance, we hope, will be able to send a paper some weeks back containing the very communication for the non-appearance of which he submitted us to summary discipline. Sometimes letters fall in the mails, and very rarely they are accidentally covered for a time by other papers in the office. Let writers always seek explanation, and never yield themselves to the temptation of the adversary to abuse editor or publisher until they are really found to be delinquent. "It don't pay."

—We are not surprised at the vigorous efforts put forth to prove that the prohibition does not prohibit in Kansas. Letters are received from "leading men," ex-governors and officials, to show that more liquor is sold and







## The Family.

### THE GOLDEN YEAR.

BY EREN E. REXTORD.

In its wide circle round the far-off sun,  
The earth swings on until a year is done.  
Another follows. We may work or wait,  
The years are sure as the decrees of fate.  
They come and go in their restless march,  
And man looks upward in the sky's wide arch.

And in that type of God's infinity  
He feels his weakness, crying, "What are we?"

The years marked off upon the dial of time  
He cannot hasten in their round sublime;  
But we can move toward the golden year,  
When love and peace shall make their dwell-  
ings here.

It will not come to us. Our feet must climb  
A rough, hard road, until, in God's good time,

We triumph over error, wrong and doubt,  
That bar the way and hedge the road about.  
Above the bill's high summit brightly gleams  
A golden atmosphere, like that of dreams.

We say, "The day is dawning—is at hand,  
And at the last we vaguely understand  
That when the hill is climbed, our eyes shall see  
The golden age that waits for you and me.

It waits for us, and we may enter in  
The promised land—if we have helped to win.

But bravely we must work to clear the way,  
O'ercome and wrong, which so delay  
The world's march onward to the longed-for time.

Remember this, 'tis only as we climb  
O'er obstacles, and rise o'er grimaces,  
The world expands and grows upon our glance.

The years of time are in God's hand to-day,  
But it is ours to hasten or delay  
The grand, millennial year of jubilee,  
When Love's the universal law will be.

With folded hands no longer idly wait,  
And say that right must triumph soon or late,  
And dream about the time we've waited long,  
For told by seers and in the poet's song.

The golden age we sigh for will not come  
While hands are idle and while lips are dumb;  
We shall not triumph till we boldly smite  
The rock of error with the rod of right.

Then truth's pure streams shall flow on every hand,  
Refreshing all in this thirst-tormented land,  
Then shall the thousand years of peace come down.

With Eden glory all the hills to crown;  
And Love's shall be a humiliated plan  
Of man in perfect fellowship with man.

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

BY CLARA M. BLUNT.

To be "a stranger in a strange land,"  
Is like a sudden transition from faith to sight.  
The traveler's descriptions all are true,  
As good as gold as can be given, yet  
With what one has expected to hear and to see,  
There come also other experiences  
"Not laid down in the guide-books."  
Though the eyes may not yet be strong,  
They are at least wide open, and if first  
Impressions are not always correct,  
Perfected views are what first meet the gaze.

Thinking the HERALD readers may like a New England, or Yankee, version of the things which appear strange to a new-comer. After days of sailing with no land in sight, it ceases to be a wonder that Columbus should kiss the ground after his long, anxious voyage; and even an island would be hailed with delight. What, then, are the feelings of him who approaches the land to which he is bound already by the ties of work he expects to do in the future, and the land where he intends to remain—God willing—till days shall lengthen into months, and months shall lengthen into years? No matter how skeptical one may have been in regard to the feelings excited by the first sight of land, he instantly learns what those feelings are, and wonders that he ever doubted their power. However grand, and deep, and mighty, and wide the ocean may be, the glories of the land are worthy to be quickly exchanged for the wonders of the sea. The land! There it lies, far away on the dim horizon, with a long line of "feathery, fringed palms" rising up out of the water and standing like the vanguard of interior forests.

The waters of the far famed Amazon are almost identical in color with those of the muddy Ohio, but there is here a shimmer of bronze which I never saw elsewhere on any river or sea. The moon shone brightly on the evening we sailed up from the ocean, but it only rendered faintly visible the fishing boats which swarmed around on the dark water. The sails are smeared with tar, and only an occasional glimmer of light flashes out from the black boats and then is extinguished again in darkness. A far gleamed the lights of the city of Para, growing brighter as we approached through the night, and shining still when at midnight we anchored at the fort, four miles below the city and sixty-eight miles from the mouth of the river.

I must not pause to tell of the novel beauty of the scene above which we saw the sun rise on July 6. Strange plants sprung from the ground to clasp leafy hands with the shrubs, which in turn reached up to the overhanging branches of the high trees whose giant limbs mingled their thick, clustering foliage with the strong, intertwining vines. Before us lay the grayish white walls and low-roofed, red-tiled buildings, among which rose towers in which bells swung, while slow-winged birds seemed keeping watch and ward above the town.

Walking beneath the stately palms whose graceful branches have been waving friendly welcomes ever since land appeared in sight, we find these self-same, sailing birds are a kind of vulture; but they are too small to honor the name. The people all speak Portuguese, whether they are Indians, negroes or Brazilians. The whole population is divided into three classes—the aristocrats, the middle, and the low classes.

No lady larks in the streets unless attended by an escort or a servant. There are plenty of women, however, who go about with bare, brown feet thrust in

small Turkish slippers, whose heels clatter along the dusty pavements in the most slipshod style. "In the cool of the day," their nude children huddled around them, the women sit in groups on the ground, smoking long-stemmed pipes and gossiping with their neighbors, their callers, or the passers-by.

Wherever one goes, at morning, noon or night, one sees groups of soldiers in their liven uniforms. They wear scarlet tassels on their dark caps and carry swords in scabbards dangling at their backs. They are of every conceivable color and shade, for the Brazilian army is largely composed of men fit for no other work.

The slaves and the servants all carry their burdens, from a saucer or a heavy water jar to a basket or a broad, wooden tray, on their heads, to an extent unknown even in the southern United States. One of the most curious sights to be seen in the early morning is the milkman going his rounds. He carries several tin measures in one hand, while with the other he leads a cow by a long rope tied to her horns. She has learned his route and goes walking quietly along followed by her muzzled calf, which is sometimes tied to her tail! The approach of this novel trio is heralded by the musical chiming of three brass bells which are fastened to the cow's leather collar, and which summon the customer to the window or door, there to wait while the cow is being milked. Certainly this arrangement insures the purchaser against buying an adulterated liquid, and is accordingly not without its advantages.

Instead of a bread wagon, the baker, or "baker's man," walks about the streets carrying fresh rolls in a print bag which is slung over his shoulder. He rings no bells, and if the family is not aroused by the rattling of the crisp, brown crusts, he sometimes swings open a blind and ranges his wares in a row along the window-sill while he exchanges morning greetings with the people who answer from hammocks where they have slept during the night. As there are few wells in Para, many of the people depend on frequent visits from what might be called "a cold water man," if only the water were cold. A large cask is mounted on wheels and drawn through the waterless districts by a single ox guided by means of a rope attached to the horns. The bare-footed driver rushes up to the door and knocks, or enters without the preliminary of knocking, and then journeys on.

None of the ladies ever go shopping here. The other morning I saw a group of women and children sitting on the ground in one of the courts trying on purple shoes while the vendor stood watching the inspection of his goods. Nothing seems more common than parrots screaming from houses and shops, except the wretched dogs which appear from every quarter. These pets (?) are one of the pests of the city. They are a half-starved, quarrelsome race, and so numerous that I counted fifty-seven on one morning on a single street while walking half an hour in the same direction. There were plenty more just like them visible on other streets, but I only counted those I met or which dozed in my path. None of them would be tolerated by any decent lover of the canine race in the United States, but here they drag out their miserable existence, disturbed only by flying missiles or angry voices when they grow more than usually noisy.

These people especially delight in fireworks, which crackle and blaze at any hour of the day or night. Taken in the aggregate, the expense must be enormous, for every week enough are burned to furnish quite a celebration to an ordinary New England village. They form an important part of each festive occasion.

In the Catholic cathedrals no seats are provided. The feminine part of the flock kneel through the entire service. Few of the gentlemen are as devout, and they seldom kneel except when the priest at the altar rings his little bell, entreating themselves with conversation the rest of the time, or with looking about over the congregation. The people seem to have various ways of enjoying the services, from the solemn priests to the smiling altar boys who playfully extinguish each other's wax lights or relight their own while busily trooping about the aisles. The responses and the chanting are about as expressive and as reverent as the tones I hear from the schools I pass where all the children are studying aloud at the same time. The music, however, is usually very good; the heavy, deep-toned organ being accompanied on special occasions by an orchestra, while at intervals during mass rockets are sent up from the door of the cathedral. At the close the mysterious Sisters of Charity creep about the altar and shrines extinguishing the lights and wailing the tin-  
sel glitter to a darkness like their own dresses. To me there is something peculiarly expressive in this simple act, for it seems as if they say, "Behold the darkness to which all this brilliancy leads." The priests invariably wear long, black robes and round, broad-brim hats on the streets.

I was not a little amused, the other morning, when the communion service came to an end, to see a lady (not a nun) remove a white covering from a scarlet bag which was ornamented with gilt letters and blue tassels, and pass around with it to receive contributions of money; and when any failed to respond, she paused to expostulate in low tones to the delinquent, seeming by a severe face and half-whispered Portuguese to give reproach. What would be the effect of a similar system in United States churches?

The Catholics have two services each Sabath—one at sunrise, the other at sunset. There is now no Protestant service, and Sunday in Para is just like any other day. All the shops are open, and even the schools in one of the cathedrals under the direction of the Catholic Bishop of Para has its sessions seven days of every week.

Most of the buildings of this city are but one story high. They are frequently ornamented with urns or statues, which are placed on the roof. The best houses are built of brick and covered with porcelain tiling, but mud walls and thatched roofs are by no means uncommon.

In another letter I may give some account of our work here, as my pen has carried me outside the limits of the HERALD columns by this time.

Para, Brazil, 1881.

### CHRISTMAS SONG.

O'er the hills night shadows steal;  
Scarcely a light breeze stir;  
See the Virgin kneel  
Clasp her new-born Child—  
Round the manger shepherds kneel—  
Humble worshippers.  
Hark! angels sing  
Round their heavenly King!  
'Tis for man, and not for them,  
Sleeps the Babe in Bethlehem.

Thou whose head to earth is lowly bowed in love and shame,  
When no help seems nigh  
To thy piteous cry,  
Think! 'tis not for the holy  
The Redeemer came.  
Hark! angels sing  
Round their heavenly King!  
For earth's sinful and defiled  
Comes to-night the Saviour Child.

He who to the cradle brings  
O'er pure, calm thoughts,  
To the infant there  
Brings a gift more rare  
Than the gold and myrror the kings  
Of the Orient brought.  
Hark! angels sing  
Round their heavenly King!  
'Tis for man, and not for them,  
Sleeps the Babe in Bethlehem.  
—CONSTANTINE E. BROOKS, in Harper's Magazine for January.

### WHAT KRIS KRINGLE BROUGHT TO THE FORDS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

CHAPTER I.

"It's useless to talk about it, Mary!

When the rent and the grocer are paid, there won't be a dollar over, and there's the doctor's bill and the coal! We are running behind all the time," and Mr. Ford took his pipe impatiently from the shelf behind the kitchen stove. He was not in the most amiable of moods, as his wife well knew, so she gave him no word of reply, but went on clearing the table where he had just eaten his evening meal. Her very silence seemed to irritate him, and by the time the dish water was in the pan, he was standing by the sink with his hands in his pockets and his face contracted in a sulky frown.

"The fact is, Mary, that, instead of getting Christmas presents for the children, we had better pay our debts. Instead of bothering your head to see what more you can get, you'd better be thinking what we can do without. I don't want to hear any more about Christmas."

The little woman in her faded calico dress gave a quick glance at the pipe in her husband's mouth before she answered gently, "I hardly know of anything more that we could do without, Henry."

"Well, heaven knows I don't spend anything on myself, and I work like a slave all the time; and there's always something wanted for somebody. It's enough to make a man tired of his life."

"Yes, I know it's hard, Henry, and I didn't ask you to spend anything more; I only thought if we could manage to get the things that they must have, at the Christmas time, and hang them on a little tree, that I would try to get a nice dinner, and it would seem like real Christmas to the children. I can't bear to hear them tell what other children have, and to have nothing at all to mark the day."

"Well, they will have to learn to take it as it comes. Nobody ever made Christmas for me," was the surly response, as he put on his coat to go out.

His wife said no more, but as the door closed behind him, she lifted the corner of the shade and peered out. Yes, he was going toward the saloon at the corner, only a block and a half away, and perhaps if she had not made him angry, he would have stayed at home and there would have been at least a few dimes more to pay the doctor or to diminish the bill for coal.

Her face was very sad as she took her sewing and drew her chair near to the stove, first carefully closing all the drafts so that it might consume the least possible fuel. "It will not matter for me," was the thought that passed through her mind; "I can sit very near it and it won't hurt my old shoes if I put them on the edge of the hearth; and then I will make it burn up brightly for Henry when he comes in."

She cast an anxious look toward the door of the adjoining room where she thought her twelve-years-old daughter was lying asleep, but where, in fact, she was awake and sobbing with her hands pressed tightly over her face lest her mother should hear a sound.

The father's occupation was in a part of the city far distant from their home, and he left them early in the morning and returned late at night; and recently the mother had been anxious to put the children to bed before he came. She did not tell her daughter that sometimes she came home in such a condition that she did not wish them to see him; but children seem sometimes to know by their hearts what they have not seen and what no one has told them. This was surely the case with little Winnifred Ford. On this particular night she had not been able to sleep for thinking of the coming Christmas. Her mother had said to her only that afternoon, as they were talking about it, that she would ask father, and perhaps they could have a little tree in the parlor as the children of the neighbors did, and her little brain was so busy in thinking what she would like to put upon it for all the others, and to find upon it for herself, that she was in a happy, wide-awake dream when her father's voice broke harshly upon her ear: "They must learn to take it as it comes; nobody ever kept Christmas for me!"

She had heard the door bang and her mother's sigh, and, sitting up in bed, and peeping from the window, had watched her father's form retreating in the shadows, and she, too, knew as well as her mother at what corner he would be sure to stop. No wonder that the little rose cheeks were flushed and troubled, and that she buried her face in the pillow lest her mother should see her in tears. So while the mother sat by the fire and mended the worn coat for Walter, Winnie—little woman that she was—was entering upon her woman's heritage of anxiety and pain. It was not only that the beautiful Christmas tree, whose gleaming lights had shone on her imagination a few minutes ago, had suddenly shriveled and gone, not only that the lights were out, the gifts that she had fancied herself handing down to Walter and Fred no longer to be found, but instead of these there arose a picture of her mother sitting silent and sad by the kitchen fire; of her father's figure moving away through the darkness toward that red circle of lurid light in the window of the saloon. An hour ago she did not want to go to sleep because her waking fancies were so bright, and now she could not sleep for dread of an uneasy step and a harsh voice that had sometimes broken her slumbers at night. And so the dear little heart waited, forgetting her own disappointment in the womanly shirring, in silence, of her mother's unuttered pain.

How she wished mamma would come in to her and let her put her arms about her neck and comfort her, and not act as if she were not willing she should know her grief. But her mother did not come, and Winnie knew she was waiting there in the chill, and wretched because she could not make a "Happy Christmas" for the children.

At last her heart grew too heavy with its load of loving sympathy, and she stole softly out of bed, and the next moment was kneeling in her night-gown close by her mother's side. "Why, my child! Why, Winnie! Why are you out of bed at this time of night? Hurry back! This room is too cold for you."

"Not unless it is too cold for you, dear mother. Don't send me away; let me stay with you," urged the child, creeping closer, and hiding her bare feet under her mother's dress. "Let me watch with you for father. I have been watching from my window by the bed, and I thought I heard him coming. I have heard him before, mother dear. I know all about it, and I want to watch with you."

"No, no, my child! This is the time for you to sleep, or you will not be fit for study to-morrow. Papa will not be home to wait for him. He will be home soon. Poor papa, I feel so sorry for him! I think he went away very unhappy because he felt too poor to make a merry Christmas for us."

"I know about it, mother. I was awake and heard it all; but we shall not care, Walter and Fred and I. We don't care for Christmas at all; we're not used to Christmas-trees anyway, and I don't believe we'd like it. But what did papa mean by saying nobody ever made Christmas for him?"

"It all sounded much harsher than he meant, Winnie. He feels very much troubled that the money he can earn is not enough for all our wants; he hoped his wages would be increased this autumn, but they have not been, and sometimes he gets almost discouraged, but he loves us, my daughter, and he does not mean to be anything but kind."

"I know it, mamma, and I am going to teach, you know, by and by, when I am older, and that will help take care of Walter and Fred; and all when we are grown up, we are all going to work, and you and papa are going to rest and play all the time." And the child's white hands fluttered like birds up against the thin checks of her mother.

"I am sure you will, little Comfort," said her mother with an answering caress; "but no run away to bed. I surely heard your father's key in the door."

"No, mother, he does not come so quietly as that. But I will go; only told me why he said he never had any Christmas. Was his father too poor to give him anything?"

"Yes, and your father did not live at home, but was hired out to the man of whom he learned his trade; and he had to work so hard that he had hardly any time for books, or school, or play. He had a very hard childhood, and no one ever cared to make him happy; so we must try to make it up to him now."

"And did he never have a Christmas present?" asked the girl.

"Never one in his life till you came, child. You were his first and sweetest Christmas gift."

Winnie laughed, and snuggled closer to her mother. Her birthday was the twenty-fourth of December.

"But he forgot me, mamma," she said sadly.

"No, dear child, he remembered only, he feels bitter and sore because he cannot do for you all that he would like to do. Your father is a good man, Winnie."

"Oh, yes, I know," answered the child hesitatingly; and then with a sudden smile and a little eager squeeze of her mother's arm, she continued,—

"O mother dear, wouldn't it be nice if we could make a Christmas for him—a real, regular Christmas, with presents, and a tree, and plums in the pudding? Oh, wouldn't it be nice? He could never say again that nobody cared."

"Yes, indeed, it would be nice; but how could we, child? You know we have no money."

"But I believe we could, mamma dear; we could do something, anyway. The grocer would let us have the plums."

"Yes, I could be sure of the pudding, if that were all."

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And there it chattering; but the Father's love flows through it, and would any true heart forego the chastening and forego the love? —Frances R. Hargrove.

... An active believer can heartily bless God for a promise he does not yet see the performance of; and build an altar to the power of God, who appears to him, though he does not appear for him.

Under the sheet  
With its angry heat,  
God is keeping the planted wheat.  
Under the snow,  
When the wild winds blow,  
God is making the world's broad peace.  
—Intelligencer.

... The one essential truth to accept about the Gospel is, that no money can buy our salvation, no suffering merit it, no repentance procure it, no holiness produce it. The greatest that our own moral action can do for us, and this too is by the grace of God, is to create and enlarge the receptive faculty in us. If we will not take salvation as a gift, we cannot have it at all.

THROUGH LIFE.  
We slight the gifts that every season bears,  
And let them fall unheeded from our grasp.  
In our great eagerness to reach and grasp  
The promised treasure of the coming years,  
Or else, we mourn some great good passed away.  
And in the shadow of our grief shut in,  
Refuse the lesser good we yet might win,  
The offered peace and gladness of to-day.

So through the chambers of our lives we pass,  
And leave them one by one, and never stay.  
Not knowing how much pleasantness there was  
In each, until the closing of the door  
Is closed, and in our hearts we sigh, "Forevermore."  
—Parish Visitor.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.  
BY W. M.  
Ring out, ye bells, ye Christmas bells!  
Ring out both loud and feeble!  
The children over all this land  
Are listening now for thee.

The woodlands and the distant groves,  
In silence, too, profound,  
Await to catch thy pleasant notes,  
And then echo their sound.

For 'tis the anniversary  
Of Jesus Christ, our Lord,  
That mighty Babe of Bethlehem,  
The only Son of God.

Ring out, ye bells, ye joyful bells,  
With an inviting voice,  
For unto us this Christ was born,  
To make our hearts rejoice.

For unto us this Christ was born,  
To make salvation free,  
And save a lost and guilty world  
From sin and misery.

Ring out, ye bells, ye holy bells,  
Oh, let the tidings go,  
Till all the nations of the earth  
This Gift of God may know!

Ring out, ye bells, ye Christmas bells,  
And let the day be given  
In praise to Almighty God,  
For such a Gift from heaven.

pondering on his father's dying words, he had early come to trust in Jesus as his Saviour.

Now, as he lay on his low cot this Christmas eve, he felt inclined to murmur because he could not be out having a good time like the other boys; but presently he closed his eyes, and turning his face to the wall, was quiet for a long time. Then looking over to his mother, who sat beside him sewing, he said in a cheerful voice, though traces of tears were still on his cheeks,—

"Mother, haven't I got a little money in my bank? Get it, please; it's on the top shelf in the closet. Now let me count it over, and see how big a present I can get you and one other person. You know the little lame boy that lives down by the brook where I used to go fishing. Well, it seems to me, if I could get him a pair of warm mittens, or a cap, or something, it would be a real good way to spend part of my money. And then I want you to go down to the store and get yourself some nice thick stockings with the rest of it. I'm so glad, mother, that I earned what I could when I was well, so that now I'm sick I can do a little good with it. I believe it makes me almost as happy to be lying here planning a Christmas present for you and little Sammy as if I was out with the other boys coasting on the hill."

Mrs. Martin silently thanked God for the treasure she possessed in her darling boy, and going to the closet, she brought out the little sack that held the earnings of the sick child. The sum was small, but as Jimmy took the bits of money one by one in his thin fingers, he felt richer than a millionaire.

"Yes, mother, here's enough to get what I wanted. Let me see. There's one dollar in that pile, and seventy-four cents here. It won't take quite all that, will it, to get three pairs of stockings for you, and the mittens for Sammy? Because, if it won't, there will be just a trifle that I'll give you to get me a pretty Christmas card, so that you and I will both have nice presents. Why, mother, what are you crying about? I'm having just as nice a time as can be!"

Poor woman, she knew that this was the last Christmas she would ever spend with her darling on earth, and she could not keep back her tears; but she soon regained her composure, and talked calmly with Jimmy about carrying out his plans. First, she was to get the mittens and take them to Sammy's mother, so that he should have them bright and early on Christmas morning. She demurred somewhat at leaving Jimmy alone, but he persuaded her to go, and she started out on her errand of love.

Sammy's mother was very thankful to have her poor boy remembered, saying it was just what the child needed, but she had hardly known where the money was coming from. Then Mrs. Martin purchased the stockings for herself, though she would gladly have spent all the money for the little sufferer at home. Finally she selected two beautiful cards, with some grapes and oranges, as a present for Jimmy.

When she reached home the boy was asleep. There were no tears on his face now, but an expression of sweet peace rested upon it—a look that was more of heaven than earth. Quietly the precious parcels were laid by until the dawning of Christmas morning, and with a sad, though grateful, heart, Mrs. Martin lay down to rest. She had not been asleep long when she heard her name called, and rising hastily, she hurried to Jimmy's bedside. What was her dismay to find that her darling



...ntly endowed, who shall count it their su-  
preme joy to plan their opening lives for  
this one object? We are persuaded they

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life was setting the clouds disappeared; she cheerfully said "good-by," and promised to wait for her weeping sister at the "beautiful gate."

GEORGE S. BUTTERS.

Mrs. Sylvia H. Hooke; Nov. 30, Eugene E. Hubbard, of Derry, and Miss Bessie B. Hoyt, of Sandown.  
 In Suncook, N. H., at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. Geo. W. Ruland, Albert R. Clough, of Dover, N. H., and Miss Sadie A. Locke.

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